

# A New GARLAND

24

Containing three Excellent

## NEW SONGS.

1. Cadtain Ward and the Rainbow
2. The Willow-will.
3. The Lady who fell in love with a 'Prentice Boy.



MANCHESTER:

Printed and Sold by G. SWINDELLS,  
New Printing-Office, Hanging-Bridge.

©

Captain Ward and the Rainbow.

**S**TRIKE up ye lusty gallants,  
With music and beat of drum,  
For we have got a rover,  
Upon the sea is come.

His name is Captain Ward:  
Right well it dot appear,  
There has not been such a rover,  
Found out this many a year.

For he hath sent unto the king  
The twenty-sixth of May,  
Desiring he might come in,  
With all his company.



And if the king will let me come,  
Till I my tale have told,  
I will bestow for my ransom,  
Full thirty tons of gold.

O nay, nay, then said the king,  
O nay this must not be,  
To yield to such a rover,  
Myself will not agree.

He hath deceiv'd the French king,  
Likewise the king of Spain,  
Then how can he, be true to me,  
That has been false to twain.

With that our king provided,  
 A ship of noble Fame,  
 The Rainbow she is called,  
 If you would know her name.

And now the gallant Rainbow,  
 Is cruising on the sea,  
 With full five hundred gallant souls,  
 To keep her company.

The Dutchmen and the Spaniards,  
 She made them both to flee,  
 Also the boasting Frenchmen,  
 As she met them on the sea.

So when the gallant Rainbow,  
 Arriv'd where she did lie,  
 Where is the Captain of that ship,  
 The master straight did cry.

Here I am, said Captain Ward,  
 And that you soon shall see,  
 And if that is the king's fair ship,  
 She's welcome unto me.

I'll tell you what the Rainbow said,  
 Our king is in great grief,  
 That thou should lie upon the sea,  
 And play the errant thief.

You will not let the merchant-men,  
 Pass as they did before,  
 Such tiding to our king is come,  
 Which grieves his heart full fore.

With that the gallant Rainbow,  
 She shot out of her pride,  
 Full fifty stout brass pieces,  
 Charged on ev'ry side.

And yet these gallant shooters,  
 Prevailed not a pin,  
 Though they were brass on the out-side,  
 Brave Ward was steel within.

Shoot on, shoot on, said Captain Ward,  
 Your sport well pleaseth me,  
 And he that first gives over,  
 Shall yield upon the sea.

I never wrong'd an English ship,  
 But Turk and King of Spain,  
 Likewise the black guard Dutchmen,  
 Which I met on the main.

If I had known your king,  
 Two or three days before,  
 I would sav'd Lord Essex's life,  
 Whose death does grieve me sore.

Go tell the king of England,  
 Go tell him thus from me,  
 If he reigns king at land,  
 I will reign king at sea.

With that the gallant Rainbow fir'd,  
 Till she saw all in vain,  
 So left the Rover's company,  
 And home return'd again.

Our royal king of England,  
 Your ship's return'd again,  
 For Captain Ward he is so strong,  
 He never will be ta'en.

O everlasting said the king,  
 I have jewels three,  
 Which would have gone upon the sea,  
 And brought proud Ward to me.

The first was Lord Clifford,  
 Great Earl of Cumberland,  
 The second was Lord Mountjoy,  
 And you shall understand.

The third was brave Lord Essex,  
 From field would never flee,  
 Who would have gone upon the sea,  
 And brought proud Ward to me.



## W I L L O W - W I L L .

**T**HE Willow-will is a pretty flower,  
 And will become me I do not fear,  
 Young men and maidens spend many an hour,  
 They kiss and court though ne'er the near.

If any young man can say he loves me,  
 Let him come and speak it now,  
 The green garland don't become me,  
 Though I'm forc'd to wear it now.



Although I wear it for a season,  
 I do not intend to wear it long,  
 Let him tell me for what reason,  
 Why I should suffer so much wrong,

The first time he came to court me.  
 O how he catch'd me in his arms !  
 Many kisses then he gave me,  
 Saying he did adore my charms.

The next time I was to meet him,  
 All alone on the king's highway,  
 I was to meet my dearest jewel,  
 Alas for me he would not stay.

I thought ev'ry minute an hour,  
 And ev'ry hour as long as three,  
 I'll search the hills and lofty mountains,  
 But I'll find another as good as he.

True love is dainty, false hearts are plenty,  
 True love is pleasant while it is new,  
 As it grows older, it still grows colder,  
 And fades away like morning dew.

Young maidens all come pity me,  
 Love is the cause of my misery, **10 JU 52**  
 The man is gone whom I adore,  
 And I fear I never shall see him more.

He told me tales my heart to deceive,  
 And I a poor maid did him believe,  
 Young virgins hearts are soon trepan'd,  
 By that thing call'd a faithless man.